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AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION

OF THE CIRCULATION BOOKS, PRESS

AND MAIL ROOM REPORTS AND NEWS-

DEALERS ACCOUNTS OF THE "NEW

YORK WORLD," ALSO THE RE-

CEIVED BILLS FROM VARIOUS PAPER

COMPANIES WHICH SUPPLY THE "NEW

YORK WORLD," AS WELL AS THE

INDEXED CHECKS GIVEN IN PAYMENT

THEREOF, WE ARE CONVINCED, AND

CERTIFY THAT THE EVENING WORLD

AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED DURING

THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1880, A

TOTAL OF TEN MILLION SEVEN

HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND

FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY

(10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF

"THE WORLD."

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"MY JACK"

"My Jack," produced last night at the

Grand Opera-House, is said to have been

a great success at the Surrey Theatre, London.

It is a roaring, raging, rattling,

rampaging melodrama, full of the most

thing which has been produced at the

private theatres given to kill the monoton-

ony of the season on the Ark. It has five

acts, and let me see how many scenes—

twelve of them, and all beautiful. The

scenery was the thing in "My Jack." The

artist excelled himself, and Mr. Benjamin

Landick's blood-and-thunder trash was

thoroughly framed.

No, it is Christmas Eve, and I positively

decline to tell you the details of the plot.

Sufficient to say that it deals with a wicked

baronet called "hard" on the programme.

This naughty being (all baronets are

naughty) has his title by a fraud. There is

a rightful heir, and, of course, missing

documents. If all the documents missing

in modern dramas could be massed together

there would be no rate deposit company in

the world large enough to hold them.

They have been accumulating. Great good-

ness! How they have been accumulating!

There is a young man who is killed,

and the lover of the heroine who is expect-

ed of the murder; an Italian ruffian called

Ciro, of course, an Irish scoundrel, a pert

and a gaudy one. Virtue is

overwhelmed for five fearfully long acts,

during which vices chuckles. It all ends in

the triumph of virtue.

I do not see that "My Jack" contains a

single new idea. Some of its situations in-

clude some of the most common mis-

guided young readers of dime novels who

love to see their heroes and heroines on the

stage. If I had a boy, I would forbid him to

cast his eye on even the cover of a dime

novel, or to put his nose into the doors of a

theatre where a modern melodrama was

played, at least until he was old enough to

appreciate its absurdities. "My Jack" is

not nearly as bad as many of its kind. Such

utter nonsense would never harm a flea.

The cast was an excellent one, but nobody

has many opportunities. Wilton Lackie

was positively conventional, which shows

that the part makes the Lackie and not

the Lackie the part. J. H. Gilmour, as an

aggressively good young man was accepta-

ble. Miss Isabella Everson, as one of those

heroines who decline to smile and who seem

to be sniffling a tragedy even in the smallest

place, was not a success. Old Dan Leeson

played the part of an insufferably tedious

old man tediously, and Miss Katherine

Hogers was nicely blind, just like Mrs.

Whiffen at the Lyceum.

There was one allusion that caused an

universal smile last night; it was a reference

to the much-feared gripe. ALAN DALEY.

SPOTLIGHTS.

Russia is doing away with the telephone in its

dominions. Everything that tends towards free

speech is dangerous. They are afraid of the

liberal "gripe" in Russia more than the other.

Judge Brown wrote poetry once. Now he is

on the Supreme Bench. It is thought that greatness

comes from the lowest condition.

Jersey City's water is wretched. This isn't

as great an affliction as it might be in some

places, but it is bad enough. One hates to bathe in

bad water.

Nearly all the Judges on the Supreme Bench

are bald. Now there's a Bench for you!

Yesterday was eclipse day. It does seem hard

to have the sun go out just as we are in this

electric-wire darkness.

Somebody was shot at, trying to get into his

own house. This seems a little hard. Let him in.

We are all waiting with trembling for the

wrong present to be given to us to-morrow, and

by people we don't like a bit.

The jury system is getting more complicated,

now that the jury is set on if they don't "re-

turn" rightly.

Nellie Bly made a good break in China.

Chauncey Depew would make a nice boarder in

a cheap boarding-house.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

After Tammany is through with the reorganiza-

tion of the Third Assembly District, its present

leader, Lester James J. Stern, will wear a

contemptuous sneer at the Tammany

contract for the elevated railroad, and it is said

that any faction which he might lead would not

be adverse to a fusion with Republicans on oc-

casions.

Ex-Congressman Tim J. Campbell, of Cortland

Park, was intended by nature for a busy man,

and as the people have refrained this year from

giving him anything to do, it is reported that he

will busy himself with promoting legislation in

the Third House at Albany.

Mate, of Dutchess, is said to be elected for the

Chairmanship of the Assembly Committee on

Railroads, and Andrus, of Erie, for that on

Cities. The wicked gibes had hoped to get the

latter Chairman.

Mayor Grant expects to recommend some bills

relating to municipal reform in this city for the

consideration of the Legislature at its coming

session. He is not deterred in his resolve by the

fact which many of his measures met at the

hands of the Republican majority in the last

session.

The Tammany Hall primaries will probably be

held Jan. 10.

FADS AND FRILLS.

There are pretty little sugar baskets of green

china with ribbon-like handles of pink on the

market, extremely novel and less than fifty

cents each.

Court plaster cases made of sterling silver are

used as dinner favors by women who cannot re-

frain from overdoing their dinners.

Baby bath robes of chere cloth lined with

dannel and tufted with worsted may be bought

for a dollar.

One can pay as much for a foot mass as a hand

mass.

It has come to that point when the rapid girl

demands a silver case for her cigarettes and a

smoker set as well. Can her dressing table

smoke a piece of silver and ivory, shell and

porcelain be a dish, and something is wrong when

it is empty.

Designs composed of scrolls and arabesques are

printed on crash and used for table covers.

There is a deal of nonsense about Mrs. Cleve-

land's knowledge of French. It is a fact that she

has studied the language, and that she could

conjugate a verb to save her sweet life.

If you want music in the air take a fringe of

little bells along the edge of your door.

Nobody says good afternoon any more. Leave

a house any time between breakfast and dinner

and the fair lady will bid you good morning.

The country life, it is good night with how city

life is a greeting.

In a Strange Land.